MOTHER EARTH

Vol. XI. February, 1917 No. 12

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EMMA GOLDMAN

Author "Anarchism and Other Essays,"
"The Social Significance of the Modern Drama,"
Publisher Mother Earth Magazine

will continue her Sunday night lectures at

Harlem Masonic Temple

310 Lenox Ave., Bet. 125th & 126th Sts., New York City

SUBJECTS:

Sunday, February 4th, 8 P. M.

"Crime and Criminals"

Emma Goldman out of town. Alexander Berkman and Dr. Ben. L. Reitman will speak at this meeting

Sunday, February 11th, 8 P. M.

"Vice and Censorship" Twin Sisters

How Vice is not suppressed.

Sunday, February 18th, 8 P. M.

"Michael Bakunin, His Life and Work"

Sunday, February 25th, 8 P. M.

"Walt Whitman, The Liberator of Sex"

Lectures will continue Sunday nights during March April and May.

Questions and Discussion ADMISSION 25c.

BEN. L. REITMAN, Chairman.

"Birth Control means the conscious regulation of human offspring for the physical and mental improvement of the race. It is a social movement to give mothers an intelligent control of their own bodies, and is an important factor in doing away with poverty, disease and unhappiness."

MOTHER EARTH

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Vol. XI **FEBRUARY, 1917** **No. 12**

TO BIRTH CONTROL—

By Fred A. Pease

OF THE atrocious crimes of government,
The most hideous of them all,
Is this ignorant prattle and childish
Tattle against knowledge of birth control.
The System to the cradle stoops
And robs you of your priceless youth;
And 'mid the hell of industry and war
You must fight for life with fang and tooth;
Ignorant and miserable and underfed
You battle against odds for your daily bread;
The battle's too one sided—you haven't a chance—
Except to struggle and suffer—'til you're dead.
Conceived and brought forth in ignorance
To be tortured and slain without even a chance;
How much better if you had never been born,
The sordidness of the world to enhance!
What is this tyrant you call the Law
That denies you the right not to be born,
Yet destroys your body after it's come
On a bloody battlefield, mangled and torn?
Won't you help those martyrs to Church and State,
Who have cared to defy the powers that be,
So that ignorance might die and truth live on,
And men and women, long blind, might see?

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

AFTER looking over the contents of hundreds of circulars, letters, appeals pouring forth from the numerous "reformer" camps, one gets an idea as to what the ideal of the reformer and moralizer of mankind consists of. It consists in a thoroughly standardized, bureaucratized, legalized, spiritually sterilized, regulated, in back and front physically and morally investigated humanity.

If at least a part of this ideal is to be realized, many new laws have to be added to the many thousand laws already in existence and making the life of man miserable by invasion, privileged stupidity and violence.

Through one of these documents, mailed by the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, MOTHER EARTH was requested to join in a petition to Congress, demanding the "exclusion of liquor advertising and solicitation from the United States mails, except when addressed to licensed liquor dealers."

Explaining the petition in a little leaflet the Methodist Episcopal Board of Public Morals says:

> A law excluding liquor advertising and solicitation from the mails would be in accordance with the precedent which has excluded obscene publications, lottery tickets, shipments of liquors and contraceptive devices. The government already imposes restrictions which are based upon recognition of the peculiar character and tendencies of the trade and this additional restriction would be a logical development of policy, uniform in its operation and just to the various classes of citizenship.

Yes, it would be a logical development of that unbearable, meddlesome, despotic policy of trying to crush individual liberty, to control and regulate personal taste, appetites, and moods.

There is enough of that—too much of that already. A man or woman has the right to live life in his or her own way. Put them under law, restriction, under the fear of punishment and ostracism, and they will become cringing fakirs, detestable hypocrites; but still they will not give up their cravings and appetites. Under prohibition persons get beastly drunk in dark, dirty corners when they are poor and in expensive *chambres separee* if they are rich. That a good many of them may appear in public with a saintly distorted visage and pose as tee-

totalers can add only to the disgust one feels against that reeking prohibition swamp.

For many of the poor the saloon is a place where their craving for social companionship finds at least some satisfaction. Often it is the only place—between the paltriness and misery of the home and the dreary machine-like slave existence in shop or factory—where they can find for moments a substitute for relaxation and equality.

There are members of Congress and senators who deliver eloquent speeches during their rare sober moments in favor of abstinence. These and other professional pharisees will see the battle for prohibition through all right.

* * *

THAT piece of vicious legislation—the Mann Act—has been upheld by the United States Supreme Court with all its wonderful possibilities for promoting jail sentences, graft, and black-mailing. A New York lawyer, explaining the mischievousness of this precious law said among other things:

> In this country there are many hundreds of divorces a week. In many of them the evidence on which the divorce is granted is that the husband had entertained the co-respondent somewhere in another state. Under the construction of the Mann Act it would be the duty of the United States Attorney to turn such evidence over to an investigator and with the additional evidence procured the case would have to go before a Federal Grand Jury.
>
> The Mann Act does not fix a penalty for an immoral practice, but for the taking of a woman from one state to another. A trip on a ferryboat or in a train across a line dividing two states is punishable under the act to imprisonment not exceeding five years, or if the woman is less than 18 years of age, to 10 years.

The sponsor for that act, Representative James R. Mann, felt it his duty to break a lance in behalf of it. He says:

> The Department of Justice has desired to strengthen the law, while other people wanted to weaken it—if you can call it that—by excluding non-commercial cases.

So according to the law-maker and the Supreme Court it remains a crime if for instance a pair of lovers crosses a state line anywhere in the United States. Yet still there are people who will inquire anxiously what the

world would come to without the wisdom of lawgivers and high courts!

* * *

JUDGE CULLEN at the recent trial of Comrade Emma Goldman, accused of spreading birth control information, but ending with an acquittal the frame-up being altogether too rickety a structure, felt it his duty to severely address the defendant.

The burden of it all was that he and his colleagues would tolerate nothing but total submission to the technicalities, fixed routine, and dead rule of the court. Nothing resembling in the remotest sense new ideas, principles, live thought, would be permitted to give voice and expression before the court. Such things, imbued with some sparks of life and enthusiasm, it would appear after the judge had spoken, belonged rather to the stage or hippodrome.

By a process somewhat similar to that by which mummies have been kept "almost fresh" for thousands of years also this fixed routine and dead rule has been preserved through the centuries and the dignity of the court demands that they are kept up eternally.

One must admit that from the point of view of a representative of a justice, the precepts of which are not taken from life but from mouldy old books, the judge was all right. If live thought, ideas, and ideals were permitted to get into the proceedings of the courts, the whole artificial ramshackle structure of justice would soon collapse indeed.

It is self-preservation that dictates the dead rule and the starched dignity of the disseminaters of our parchment justice.

* * *

ROCKEFELLER, JR. makes it a point, to let no opportunity pass by, to say a good word for the workingman. In an address at Cornell he said future executives of great industrial corporations would be required to know how to deal amicably and successfully with labor.

No doubt he has a rare experience in this line. How under his own and his father's patronage mine bosses, deputy sheriffs, gunmen dealt amicably and successfully

with the sons and daughters of toil in Colorado, that is still deeply engraved in the memory of our times.

It not only happens in the fable that a shrewd timber wolf sometimes pleads with the sheep for a better mutual understanding and more amiable relations—only for the purpose to get next to their skins and joints.

* * *

BEFORE Judges Garvin, O'Keefe, Herrman, Ethel Byrne, trained nurse and sister of Margaret Sanger was found guilty on the charge of having given birth control information to several women. She was sentenced to be jailed for one month in the workhouse. A writ of habeas corpus was dismissed. The judge emphasizing on the occasion that he had not the least doubt that the statute on which Mrs. Byrne was sentenced was constitutional. And if something is court-officially declared constitutional it is of course infallible from that moment on.

It has happened more than once at birth control trials in Greater New York that the judge who pronounced sentence followed the example of Pilate, washing his hands and declaring that the court had nothing to do with the pro and con, that it had merely to enforce the law passed by the legislature.

Not always have courts taken this attitude. For instance courts have frequently issued injunctions against strikes, strike pickets, and against other means and measures of labor to better its conditions. In such cases and many others judges have assumed the authority to interpret laws in their own fashion, constitutional or not constitutional. Only in the birth control cases stone-faced justice pretends not to be influenced by anything under the sun, except by the outpourings of legislation. Some judges really seem to hold the opinion that the statute which makes birth control information a criminal offense is entirely out of joint with the needs of our time. But if they have that opinion they certainly care not to express it and act accordingly in the birth control cases before them.

* * *

ETHEL BYRNE went on a hunger strike. She touched neither food nor water during a period of more than 100 hours. Finally alarmed by her determina-

tion and fearlessness forcible feeding was resorted to. At night, shortly before 12 o'clock, four physicians and two nurses entered her cell and without saying anything threw a blanket over Mrs. Byrne, strapped her on a bed, and began to pump milk, some eggs and brandy into her stomach. The prisoner taken by surprise and terribly weakened by the strain and fast of nearly five days could offer but little resistance.

Exquisite brutality is shown by the authorities. The officials seemed to regard the affair as something like a picnic. Neither Margaret Sanger, sister of the suffering prisoner, nor her physician and lawyer were allowed to see her on the island, which speaks not well for the statement of Commissioner Lewis that the prisoner's health is in a good condition.

This is the state of the affair shortly before we go to press. The heroic protest and hunger strike of Ethel Byrne is a fact. Also the inhumanity of the majesty of the law, the callousness and cold cruelty of its tools are facts.

* * *

THE new police chief of Chicago, Schuettler, declares it to be his intention to "make Chicago so disagreeable a place for criminals that they will stay away."

Stay away—but what of the crooks and criminals who operate right inside of the city limits and hold well paid official positions in the city hall and at headquarters! Only a few weeks before Schuettler's declaration of his policy the former chief of police, his predecessor, was arrested for promoting all kinds of vice and crime in order to reap big graft and bribe money out of their flourishing business.

* * *

"MY trial has been conducted with almost unbelievable unfairness."—

These were the words of David Caplan, spoken when he arrived at San Francisco from Los Angeles to begin his ten years sentence in San Quentin penitentiary.

He expressed confidence that an appeal based on a mass of new evidence will finally result in his acquital.

According to reports he will be put to work in the jute mill, the same pest-hole in which James B. McNamara has suffered so unspeakably much that he prefers rather

to be put into the dungeon for weeks than to work in that place.

After seventeen days spent in the dungeon of the state prison here—it is reported from San Quentin—James B. McNamara, who is serving a life term, continued steadfast to-day in his refusal to work in the jute mill.

Every day he is brought out and asked if he is ready to work in the mill. As regularly he refuses and then is led back to the dungeon. He has been confined there longer than any other prisoner in the last five years.

One should think that an energetic action, a strong protest from the California trade unions could stop such atrocities committed against the helpless prisoners of the social war.

* * *

UNDER the United States flag stock-gamblers in universal carnage, speculators in the continuance and promotion of war thrive well in these times. They are patriots and have no fear that an indictment for insulting the stars and stripes will be preferred against them. On the contrary, some of them are said to live on the most friendly terms with statesmen and other prominent people in the capitol and that they have reaped large fortunes by making use of their leaky confidences.

On the other hand the ridiculous prosecutions for alleged insults to the flag are by no means neglected. Bouck White and ten of his friends have been indicted on that charge. Last June they arranged something like a symposium of internationalism and universal brotherhood by symbolically burning the flags of different nations, including the American flag. This act, it seems, deserves rather the Nobel prize than a jail sentence, considering that even the president proposes an international league for the establishment of "lasting peace."

But maybe the president only means it diplomatically, and Bouck White and his friends seriously.

TEACHING LIBERTY TO SANTO DOMINGO—

WHILE American men and women read indignant articles in the patriotic press about the outrage and wrongs committed against Belgium, Serbia, Poland, etc., the United States Government per-

petrates outrages in Santo Domingo and Haiti of the same nature.

In many instances these men and women doubtlessly believe that the crocodile tears shed occasionally by the President and other Machiavellian spokesmen of the government over the unfortunate people of the occupied provinces and districts of Europe are real tears of heartfelt sincerity. Such idiosyncrasy may be cured by giving some attention to the following document issued by a representative of American militarism to the people of Santo Domingo, who recently revolted against despotic American trust-rule on their territory:

CENSORSHIP

With the declaration of Occupation and Military Government in Santo Domingo, a censorship is hereby established the existence of which will be immediately notified to the Press.

Any comment that is intended to be published upon the attitude of the United States Government, or upon anything connected with the Occupation and Military Government of Santo Domingo *must first be submitted to the local censor for approval;* and no such comment shall be permitted to be printed without having been passed upon favorably by the censor.

The publication is forbidden of expressions of a violent or inflammable nature or that will tend to encourage hostility or resistence to the Military Government.

The publication of any newspapers or other periodical that offends against this order will be suspended; and responsible persons,—owners, editors or others—will further be liable to punishment by the Military Government.

The printing and distribution of posters, handbills, or similar means of propaganda in order to disseminate *views unfavorable to the United States Government* or to the Military Government in Santo Domingo is forbidden, as is the distribution in Santo Domingo of such matter in papers and periodicals published in foreign countries. Offenders against this regulation will be liable to punishment by the Military Government.

The officer (General) commanding on shore will appoint censors and put this order into effect.

[Signed] H. S. KNAPP, Captain, U. S. N.

If Mexico could be occupied as easily as Santo Domingo, a similar military strangulation decree, addressed to the Mexicans would be published soon. But in spite of it all, the big usurers' government of the United States still succeeds in deluding masses of people who lay claim to the capacity to think for themselves by the fairy tale, that it is the special mission of said government to see to it that the small nations of the world may not

be robbed of their liberties and independence by powerful tyrants! A valuable, priceless superstition for the grand style usurers and gamblers under the patriotic disguise of which they may safely exploit and flay the subjects of their own country and the colonies without risking quick discovery and revenge.

THE CLEVELAND MYTH

By Dr. Ben L. Reitman.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, is one of the few towns in America that has a good reputation as far as free-speech and free-press is concerned. In the center of the town is a beautiful monument erected by the people to the late Tom Johnson. It is a fine piece of work and is dedicated to free-speech. Among the various inscriptions on the monument, there is one reading, "He found us striving each in his selfish part; He left us with a heart." Another inscription reads, "He gave the city a soul," and yet another one "He gave Cleveland a civic mind." Oh, I wish it were true, that a monument or the activities of a thoughtful man could really give a community a heart and a soul, and a regard for the propagandist who preaches an unpopular philosophy.

On December 12th, 1916, I was arrested in Cleveland for directing the distribution of birth control pamphlets at one of Emma Goldman's meetings. I was admitted to $1,000 bail and the case set for January 9th. I made arrangements with my bondsman and my lawyer to secure a continuance, as we wanted to get time to prepare for the trial. On the 8th of January, Emma Goldman's case came up in New York, and I was subpoenaed for that trial. I wired the judge and also sent him a special delivery letter with a copy of my subpoena, and asked him for a postponement. When the case came up on the 9th I was in New York, but my attorney appeared in court for me in Cleveland. The judge and prosecutor refused to continue the case, declared my bond forfeited and issued a warrant for my arrest on the charge of contempt of court. Upon a wire from my bondsman informing me of the fact, I took the first train to Cleveland. The next morning, Wednesday, January 10th, I was arrested on the charge of contempt just as I was entering the court. The contempt charge was dismissed and a jury

summoned to try the original charge against me, that of distributing birth control literature.

Cleveland and Rochester apparently offer the advantage over New York City of granting a jury trial. One of our early American Anarchists wrote a brilliant essay on "The Right of Trial by Jury." Let us never forget, however, that many a propagandist and innocent man has been convicted by juries. Just remember what happened in the Billings case. My attorney, Herman E. Eisler, spent several days examining the jury. We were not allowed to ask the jurymen whether they belonged to the Catholic Church, and we only had four challenges. We did the best we could under the circumstances, securing a fairly good jury, of whom five were Catholics. The judge and the prosecutor were arbitrary, bitter, prejudiced, and vicious from the start. The prosecutor denounced me as "an Anarchist, who comes to our fair city to defy our laws," and "if you will let him break the law on birth control, our property and our wives and daughters will not be safe." And yet we were not allowed to explain the significance of the birth control propaganda, the real meaning of Anarchism, or the motives of our activities. He grew eloquent when he asked the jury to save the fair name of Cleveland from the "dirty, filthy, stinking" birth control literature.

The prosecution put on three witnesses, two of them police officers, who strange to say, stuck pretty close to the truth. The third witness was a physician who gave expert testimony concerning the pamphlets. The lawyer gave him a very unpleasant half-hour in cross-examination. Two of the women who were in the audience took the stand in my behalf and testified that at the meeting I asked the audience: "How many people are here who would like a pamphlet?" About 250 raised their hands. And then I said, "How many people are there in the audience who have courage enough to give pamphlets to those who want them?" and about thirty men and women came forward. Then somebody brought a package of pamphlets to a table. The thirty volunteers took the pamphlets and distributed them to the audience.

I took the stand and was asked whether I am an Anarchist. I started to explain what I meant, but the judge refused to allow me to proceed. I testified that while

I did not distribute the pamphlets, I would take the honor of being responsible for the distribution.

Finally the case went to the jury at 11 A. M. They had no sooner retired when they knocked at the door and asked a goodly supply of paper. It was thought that they had come to an agreement, but later it was found that they wanted the paper to copy the birth control formulas. They remained in the jury room until nearly six o'clock and then sent word that they could not agree. They were ready to bring in a verdict of disagreement. The judge ordered them back to the jury room. "You remain there until you come to an agreement," he told them. The jury room was very small—about six by ten; in fact, so small that the jurymen were unable to walk about and had to sit facing each other. Kelly, a determined-looking Irishman, was the foreman of the jury. They argued and quarreled until midnight. Then the real estate man, who was not very well, and a workingman, who had sick children at home, and several others who got tired of the discussion, said: "Lets agree to something." And so they agreed to find me guilty.

After all, it is something of a victory to get a few men to believe in a principle for thirteen hours. In effect, however, a jury of twelve Cleveland average men decided that women should bear children whether they want to or not; that little babies must come into a world and fight against disease and poverty and obstacles which many of them will never be able to overcome; and that the jails, insane asylums, and other institutions should not want for victims.

The judge wanted to defer sentence until Jan. 20th, but I said I was ready for sentence on the 17th. He asked me if I had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon me. I tried to explain what I meant by birth control propaganda and what I hoped to do in my work. But he didn't want to listen to my "filthy" propaganda. I told him that no matter what he or any jury should say, the birth control propaganda would go on and that as long as there are laws which interfere with people acquiring knowledge or living a free, harmonious life, I and others would defy such laws and take the consequences.

As Judge Dan Cull moistened his lips and looked at me from behind some law books, and I saw his hard cruel face and his weak chin, I thought of the Grand Inquisitor who sentenced the heretics to be burned or tortured. And I was glad that we are living in the twentieth century where the power of the Catholic Church is limited. Although it has faithful sons like Judge Cull, who will go the limit, yet that limit is less than what it was centuries ago.

Before he pronounced sentence, the judge made a vicious attack upon me. He denounced sex-hygiene, birth control, and the Anarchist agitators. To a psychoanalysist, his language told the story. He spoke as only a Jesuit could. He talked about the carnal sins of the flesh, about marriage "without responsibility." He mentioned all the classical Catholic anti-birth control arguments. Then he gave me the limit of the law, six months' workhouse, $1,000 fine and costs. This would mean over five years imprisonment, as Cleveland allows only 60c. a day working out a fine. (The wage allowed prisoners is an indication of the calibre of the town.) I was taken to jail, photographed and numbered, and had my measurements taken according to the Bertillon system. Several hours later some Italian comrades went my bail.

For the first time in my life I felt that I stood more or less alone. E. G. had to remain in New York to look after the meetings, the office, and other affairs. The great host of Free-Speechers, Single-taxers, Birth Controllers, and Radicals, which Cleveland boasted of, were conspicuous by their absence, although a splendid small group of women and Anarchist comrades stood by me. But somehow they did not touch my soul, and I did not reach their hearts or purses.

I am now out on $2,500 bail, pending an appeal. If I had received a reasonable sentence or fine, I would not have appealed the case, but we have not the money to pay the fine, nor would I like to spend five years in jail. There is a possibility of having the sentence reversed or a new trial ordered, as this is the first case that came up in Ohio, and as this case offers tremendous opportunities for propaganda, I feel justified in asking our friends to aid me in this struggle. Already the trial has cost

over $300.00, and we are pledged to raise at least $500.00 more. If the case will have to go to the Supreme Court there will be much more expense.

I just had time to get out of Cleveland and into Rochester, N. Y., when I had to appear before Judge Willis K. Gillet on the charge of selling Margaret Sanger's "What Every Girl Should Know," and "What Every Mother Should Know," and Dr. Robinson's "Limitation of Offspring," and on another charge of having in my possession a copy of the birth control leaflet, "Why and How the Poor Should Not Have Children," which the police claim they found in one of Dr. Robinson's books.

After looking Judge Dan Cull in the face for two weeks, it was quite a relief to come before Willis K. Gillet. He is a delightful human sort of a judge. He said, "I read Dr. Robinson's and Margaret Sanger's two books and I find nothing objectionable in them." He dismissed the first charge and held me on the other, that of having in my possession the birth control pamphlet. I will be tried before a jury in Judge Gillet's court on February 28th. Although I am absolutely innocent in this instance, as I do not know how that pamphlet got into the hands of the police, I could not afford to stand trial now because my experience with Cleveland justice makes me realize the necessity of first creating a public sentiment in the community.

To me it is a very painful affair to have to devote so much valuable time and money in defending oneself from the persecution of the law. Especially do I regret that we are obliged to ask our friends for contributions when our comrades in San Francisco, Everett, Los Angeles and other places are in dire need of help. But I consider the birth control agitation an important part of the Anarchist propaganda, and if our friends feel that this struggle is worth while and that it is a movement to resist tyranny, invasion, and injustice, and make the world a better place in which to live, I hope they will send their contributions to Emma Goldman—20 East 125th Street, New York.

If our friends will not help in this work, who will? Let us all co-operate to explode the Cleveland myth.

Sentences of Birth Control Advocates

William Sanger, New York .....30 days
Margaret Sanger, New York .....freed
Emma Goldman, New York .....15 days
Joseph Macario, San Francisco .....freed
Emma Goldman, Portland, Ore. .....freed
Dr. Ben L. Reitman, Portland, Ore. .....freed
Margaret Sanger, Portland, Ore. .....$10.00 fine
Carl Rave, Portland, Ore. .....$10.00 fine
Herbert Smith, Seattle, Washington .....$25.00 fine
Van K. Allison, Boston .....60 days
Steven Kerr, New York .....15 days
Peter Marner, New York .....15 days
Bolton Hall, New York .....freed
Jessie Ashley, New York .....$100 fine
Emma Goldman, New York .....freed
Dr. Ben L. Reitman, New York .....60 days
Ethel Byrne, New York .....30 days
Dr. Ben L. Reitman, Cleveland, Ohio
6 months, $1,000 fine and costs.

ANARCHISM ON TRIAL IN SAN FRANCISCO

READING the reports about the preparedness parade bomb trial in San Francisco one gets a strong impression that the prosecution bit off a much larger piece than it is able to swallow. Messrs. Fickert and Cunha, attorneys for the state, seem to labor under the fatal apprehension, that they have not the smallest piece of sound evidence to offer, when they demand the conviction of Mooney and his co-defendants. Knowing this only too well, they work according to the Latin proverb *necessitas non habet legem*—necessity has no law.—Not being able to produce solid facts in order to prove the accused guilty, the prosecution must be prepared to trample on the very law and its technicalities, and to resort to the tactics of bluffing public opinion, and of trying to frighten the jurors into such a state of mind, that they do not dare to come out of their deliberations without a verdict of guilty.

Instead of evidence the prosecution offers sensation, and instead of facts revelations not less miraculous than those related in the apocalypse.

During the first two weeks of the proceedings, not

Mooney but anarchism has been on trial. The prosecution evidently trusts that the mere word anarchism—especially when shouted with full lung power—will be sufficient to stimulate the jury to agree on a conviction. In order to make the terrible word still more terrible to the too-lazy-to-think-for-themselves people, expressions like violent anarchists, direct action anarchists, go-the-limit anarchists were used in the harangues of the district attorney.

And the scala of gruesome relevations rose by degrees higher and higher. First Alexander Berkman had to conspire with others to kill poor rich man Rockefeller. A few days later a second conspiracy to kill the governor of California was revealed by cunning Cunha, assistant district attorney. And finally still another fiendish plot to assasinate President Wilson was disclosed. Of course, our friends—Alexander Berkman, Bob Minor, Eleanor Fitzgerald—who worked hard in San Francisco to get Billings, Mooney and the others out of the clutches of those real conspirators, who feel themselves so well protected under the system of organized violence, called law and order, had to appear deeply involved in these clumsy conspiracy revelations.

But still more sensations were in store. The anarchist conspirators planned to confiscate all private property in the United States. Besides, they were savagely determined to overthrow not only the governments of the single states, but also the federal government at Washington.

Any proofs on hand that this gigantic conspiracy of three or four persons was a fact? Yes! The police held some letters written by Mooney. He had even gone so far as to write an article in which he criticised the governor of California for not pardoning Ford and Suhr.

Isn't that sufficient to prove him the go-the-limit conspirator, which the prosecution tries to make him out to be? A mere subject of the United States Republic writing letters and articles, criticising conditions and high officials! The audacity of it! A man who resorts to such dare-deviltry is also reckless enough to plant preparedness parade bombs.

That Bob Minor is a direct action conspirator is easy enough to see. In the first place he is treasurer of the

International Workers' Defense League. And secondly, his cartoons show an entirely deplorable lack of that sheepish respect for authority, which has always been and still is the absolute necessary basis for the comfortable existence of district attorneys.

To prove that Alexander Berkman and Eleanor Fitzgerald are go-the-limit anarchists, it is only necessary to mention the significant fact that they dare to publish and edit a periodical—*The Blast*—and that sometimes when they invite their readers and friends to renew subscription, to get new subscribers, or to come to a ball, they sign these appeals with the ominous cabalistic words: *The Blasters.*

Nobody had suspected these on the outside so innocent looking things to be veritable conspiracies. It took the super intelligence of the prosecution to penetrate their hidden meaning after a brave detective squad had invaded the office of *The Blast,* and battled desperately with a "woman anarch," who did not want to give up her own private letters to the brutal raiders. They bruised her arm black and blue, considering such a thing quite lawful, and feeling probably wounded in their most tender feelings when Bourke Cockran branded their behavior and the publishing of some of the stolen letters and documents—somewhat edited to suit the purpose—in the papers as "bordering near a crime—just short of forgery."

He succeeded to convince Judge Griffin that the prosecution had no right to keep the material taken in the raid under its own lock and key. The Judge decided that it had to be given into the custody of the court, in order to give the defense an opportunity to look it over. And what did the defense find? Clippings from The Blast and other papers. Also some letters and manuscripts, but not one tangible indication of the terrible conspiracies, the discovery of which the district attorney had so loudly advertised and made use of to influence the jurors and make the good citizen shudder in his boots.

As far as the prosecution is concerned, the first weeks of the trial have been a chaos of bluff, perfidy, and blatant lies. Into this chaos, Bourke Cockran, chief counsel

for the defense, shot his caustic remarks, his lightning strokes of humor and broad human sentiments. He has managed to create an almost human atmosphere in the court room.

Examining the talesmen, he asked one of them to give a definition of an anarchist. "An anarchist, I take it, is an altruist" was the answer. "Good" said Cockran, "that's one of the happiest definitions of the term we have yet heard." One of the men said he always associated anarchy with noise and disorder. Cockran remarked: "So your definition of an anarchist, then, is one who is vociferous in the highway?" To another talesman he said:

"Don't you know that this much-abused Red flag is in reality a symbol of universal brotherhood, typifying as it does the red blood that is shared in common by all men?"

One juror thinks anarchists are people who want to blow up the government. Mr. Cockran asks him: "You know from history about the anti-slavery movement, about Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, and I suppose you would have been against that government institution of slavery if you had lived at that time, wouldn't you? Of course you would, and you would not have been very particular as to your methods of breaking up slavery, would you? Of course not. You might even have gone as far as John Brown? Eh?"

One cannot know how much of the prosecutors' bluff and falsehood the jury will stand for, one does not expect rare intelligence from such a body nor deep understanding sympathy, but that a jury—provided it is not made up of professional jurors—of average quality should be trapped by Swanson, Fickert, Cunha & Co., the always clumsy, always blundering crew of the Merchant and Manufacturers' Association, even a pessimist will refuse to believe.

Meanwhile labor organizations and individuals who have become interested in the fate of the prisoners in the San Francisco county bastille and can spare some money may send it to Alexander Berkman, 20 East 125th Street, New York City, or to Robert Minor, 210 Russ Building, San Francisco.

THE FALLACIES OF WAR

WHATEVER be the result of the present efforts for peace, several glaring fallacies have been exposed by this war.

The first is that war, that is militarism, produces courage. As a matter of fact, it is the great training school for cowardice. What courage is shown when one is taken by the neck and forced into the army, and then, when the battle is on, put into the front rank and pressed forward by the mass behind, with, as is often the case, officers in the rear with revolvers to shoot those who may hesitate? It is compulsion, pure and simple. It may be said that this does not apply to countries where voluntary service obtains. It does, however, for there are many forms of compulsion other than that by law. Take Canada, our nearest neighbor, for example, which has furnished almost four hundred thousand men to this war. There is no legal compulsion there; but there is its equivalent in a score of ways. The churches have constituted themselves great recruiting bureaus in this so-called "conflict between Light and Darkness, God and Satan." Society virtually ostracizes those "not in khaki." Municipalities announce that all eligible employes must enlist. So on in a hundred and one ways.

When a man has enlisted, there is, of course, no question of courage or cowardice at all. He is in the army, a little unit in a great mass, and must perforce fight, and at last he becomes possessed with the lust of blood.

This is very different from the cool, calm heroism shown in a great disaster, such as the loss of the *Titanic*, where a man deliberately gives up his seat in a life-boat to another and goes down to certain death. Courage in battle, where all is noise and smoke and blind excitement! Why, there is more real courage shown every day, a thousand fold, by the patient toiler who struggles on and on, in face of disease and adversity and ultimate defeat, that he may do his duty to those dependent on him, than in all the charges of a hundred Light Brigades.

As to this: have you ever considered the matter of surrender and desertions in war? In the present struggle the soldiers of the Allies say that the Germans surrender by whole regiments and companies when they get

a chance; and the Germans, no doubt, say the same thing of the Allies. At any rate, there is very little of fighting "to the last man and the last cartridge," if one may judge by the numbers of persons taken on all sides. As to desertions: what about the Revolutionary War, where battalions and even brigades deserted again and again; or the Civil War, in which, it has been said, there were more desertions than casualties, of dead, wounded, and prisoners? In olden times, when war was largely a matter of hand-to-hand fighting, it may possibly have been a training school for courage; but modern, mechanical war has not even that to be said in its favor.

A second fallacy is that war produces chivalry, with all that is meant by that good old word. This may have been in a measure true in the past. The days of chivalrous military etiquette, when the French Guard said to their foes, "Messieurs, tirez les premiers," are gone, however forever and have given place to firing upon the Red Cross and upon churches, to refusing quarter, and to every form of finesse and craft and cunning.

Still another fallacy: that war turns men's hearts to God and spiritual things. This is a favorite topic of belligerent clerygmen; but it is utterly false. If it were true we ought to pray for war, that we might be purified and spiritualized.

Instead of this effect, war breeds brutality and bestiality and all other evil things. Have you seen the men as they come back from the trenches? If you have, have you not seen the hard, cruel, wolf-like look upon their faces, imprinted there; and necessarily so, by the killing and the wounding and the living among the dead and dying. Have you heard the men speak of "the great game, better than any other sport," of "getting their man," of "sticking the blighters," and so on? No, men are not enobled and purified by war: they are debauched and demoralized; and the thinking ones are prone to ask themselves the old, old question, how an omnipotent and all-merciful God can permit this to go on.

No: there is not one redeeming feature in war: it is wholly bad, evil and that continually.

The cure? There is only one cure: to regard the professional soldier as what he is, a butcher, a murderer by

wholesale, and to strip "glorious war" of all its hideous pomp and panoply. There was once, you know, a time when the headsman was considered a very important and respectable person, when, in fact, there were guilds of headsmen and it was considered quite an honor to belong to them or to be acquainted with some member. Now, however, we should not care particularly to have a hangman as our ancestor or friend, we should be rather ashamed of it. The day is coming when we shall be ashamed, also, to claim relationship or acquaintanceship with one whose trade it is to slay his fellow-men. Then, and not till then, will war cease.

DON

TO THE GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS— A CHALLENGE

BY CHARLES ASHLEIGH

IN THE current number of the *Independent* is an article by my friend, Roy Nash. It is called "The Lynching of Anthony Crawford," and is the story of a more than usually brutal and unprovoked Southern negro lynching bout. The article is written with spirit and indignation and no attempt is made to gloss over the raw facts of the matter.

The *Independent* had the courage to print it, despite the invective which will be brought down upon the head of that journal by certain "old-fashioned" elements of the south.

In the December issue of *Hearst's Magazine* is a brilliantly written article by Charles Edward Russell on the Irish Rebellion. He arraigns the British Government for its stupid and ruthless policy of suppression and official murder in dealing with the Dublin outbreak. As the trouble happened far away in Ireland, Hearst prints the story.

In Everett, Wash., on October 30th, 41 men were captured by a gang of self-styled "Vigilantes" and driven in automobiles to a wooded and isolated spot outside the town. There the men, who had come to Everett purposing to exercise their rights as American citizens in the holding of a peaceable meeting to discuss labor problems, were subjected to the most abhorrent brutality. They

were beaten about the head and body with clubs; several were knocked unconscious and the greater part of them had to apply later at the Seattle City Hospital for surgical treatment.

On November 5, a party of members of labor organizations, coming from Seattle on a steamer with the avowed and advertised intention of attending a labor meeting in Everett, were met on the docks of that city by an armed body of citizens and deputies, headed by Sheriff Donald McRae. Before the men set foot to the gang-plank, a volley was poured into them from the posse and the decks of the steamer were immediately converted into a shambles. From a tug and another pier on the further side of the boat, came more firing which swept the decks of the "Verona" and probably did the damage to the posse on the other deck. The result of this carnage was: Two deputies killed and 15 wounded and 5 workers dead and over 30 wounded.

The true story of Everett is a far more drastic condemnation of American social and political institutions than is that of the lynching of the negro in Abbeville. This assault against peaceful citizens is of a far more unwarrantable nature than was that against the Irish rebels. The rebels in Dublin were armed and deliberately announced themselves as opposed to governmental authority. The men who went to Everett were there, not to oppose government, but to maintain rights guaranteed by the government. Yet the Press shuns the story of Everett and scareheads the story of Dublin!

There is no intention of casting a shade upon the splendid fight of the Dublin rebels in the above passage; nor is it my purpose to belittle the revelations of the doings of the cowardly mob at Abbeville. I wish merely to make comparison which I believe to be replete with significance.

The Everett outrage happened right at home. It was perpetrated upon white workers, not upon negroes; it happened in Free America, not in Ireland. It concerns an industrial struggle, not a race issue which is not very sharp in the prosperous and magazine buying north.

Therefore, the Everett affair, full though it be of sensational and human-interest material from the journalistic point of view, was hardlly chronicled in the

periodicals of the country. The Everett massacre was incidental to the great labor struggle; it concerned the lumber interests, one of the strongest and most unscrupulous aggregations of capital in America. Therefore, the magazines have ignored it.

Does this not prove to the hilt the oft-repeated contention that the periodical press of America is under the potent thumb of the industrial powers that be? Does it not once again underline the assertion that the term "Free Press' is but an empty clashing of cymbals?

If it be true that the journalism of America is unmuzzled, then let just one of the magazines of this country accept the following challenge:

Send one of your best special writers to Everett and Seattle. Send us Charles Edward Russell, Roy Nash, Lincoln Steffens or whomever you will. Let your representative investigate thoroughly the details of the Everett massacre. Let him listen to both sides in the controversy. Let him record faithfully the facts of the kidnapping and assaults of Oct. 30. Let him be free to question all and sundry regarding the shooting affray of Nov. 5th.

Let your investigator be as impartial as possible, neither a labor agitator nor an upholder of Commercial Clubs and Manufacturers' Associations. Tell him to get the whole truth and nothing but the truth—and then print faithfully what he reports to you.

If any magazine in America will do this, then my dwindling faith in the integrity of American journalism will revive. If you do not do this, then you stand condemned in the eyes of the public as the palsied tools of the class that gives you your advertising.

This is my challenge, gentlemen of the press. Will any of you accept it?

DIRECT ACTION—**Conscious individual or collective effort to protest against, or remedy, social conditions through the systematic assertion of the economic power of the workers.**

THE MOVEMENT IN GREAT BRITAIN

By FRED WATSON

NO PRICE can be too high when honor and freedom are at stake. This was the message of Premier Asquith when, at the beginning of the war, he was endeavoring to create a public opinion favorable to the murderous designs of the ruling class.

The patriot took the message straight to his heart, and curiously enough so also did the anti-militarist. The honor and freedom of the country were the dominant thoughts of the patriot, but in the minds of the anti-militarists it was their personal honor and freedom that were at stake, and they knew that if they were to retain that honor and freedom, a bitter fight was before them, and the price they would be called upon to pay might be very high. The military despots quickly assumed control of the country; their rule was one of brutal domination, and the freedom of the individual had no consideration at all. For that is a maxim of war-time, to get a united nation, and get it by coercing all who oppose the powers that be.

All those who dared to stand out against the government were marked out for persecution and suppression, but Asquith had said that "no price was too high," and we were prepared to pay the price rather than go back upon our principles. From the beginning the Anarchist press, without exception, took up a strongly anti-militarist attitude, despite the fact that in the case of *Freedom* and the *Voice of Labor*, some few of their oldest comrades sided with the government, and did all they could to disrupt the movement. But the movement as a whole stood firm, and at the Congress held in April, 1915, only two voices were raised to support those who favored war. A vigorous anti-militarist campaign was embarked upon, and maintained without ceasing until the seizure of the papers in May, 1915.

The Jewish group were the first to suffer when Rocker, the editor of the *Worker's Friend*, was arrested and sent to an internment camp as an enemy alien. Many German comrades were interned with him, and in response to their request he was allowed to give lectures once or twice a week, which, though disguised under the inoffensive titles of literary and scientific subjects, had a distinctive propaganda value.

By the Defense of the Realm Act, (which tore up the Magna Charta and re-instituted the Star Chamber) it was forbidden to print, say, or even to think anything contrary to the "official news," even though it was true. Thus every issue of *Freedom* and of the *Voice of Labor* was gotten out in anticipation of its instant seizure and the imprisonment of the comrades, without any warrant being necessary or charge being preferred. The gods were kind to us, maybe something was wrong with us, for we were enabled to keep going, and in March, 1916, the Editor of the *Voice of Labor* became liable for military service. He was arrested and put into a military prison, and in due course officially "posted to his regiment." No sooner was it assumed that he was on his way to become a "good soldier," than the police entered the office of *Freedom* and the *Voice of Labor*, and seized everything moveable, papers, books, and pamphlets, and carted them away to Scotland Yard. No discrimination was shown, such books as "Mutual Aid," the "Conquest of Bread," and a whole box full of old and valuable books and letters were bundled away as being dangerous to the safety of the Realm and prejudicial to recruiting and discipline in His Majestey's forces. No charge was made, the books were simply cleared out, and all attempts at getting an official explanation were fruitless.

Two weeks later Tom Keell, the Editor of *Freedom* and the manager of the publishing business, and Lillian Woolf, the secretary of the *Voice of Labor*, were arrested and charged with prejudicing recruiting. The actual offence was the publication of two articles in the *Voice of Labor*, calling upon men to resist the compulsory military service. Tom was given three months' hard labor, and Lillian, though *enciente*, two months. Whilst Tom was in prison he was greeted one day by the *Worker's Friend* group, Schapiro, Linder, and other friends, who had been sent to join him because they had dared to oppose conscription of Russians of military age in Great Britain.

Thus we realized the price to pay for honor and freedom. All honest people are in, or have been to prison, but the work of opposing the State and the war still goes on. The censor has forbidden *Freedom* to be sent out of the country, and the *Voice of Labor* has been sup-

pressed altogether, but it has not died: a metamorphosis has taken place and a bright little paper has made its appearance with the self-explanatory title, SATIRE.

The editor of the *Spur*, Guy Aldred, was arrested under the conscription act, and sent to prison. He accepted the alternative service offered by the government to conscientious objectors, (after brutally ill-treating them), but preferred prison to this work, and has returned to the prison for the duration of the war.

The comrades in England have put up a noble fight against tremendous odds, and by their sturdy stand and unflinching courage they have demonstrated the power of even a very small minority to defy the brute force of authority. Considerations of space prevent a detailed account of the repressive acts of the British Government in its efforts to get a united nation, to help it pursue its "war of liberty," but in later issues it may be possible to deal with a few, and show what measures a government will resort to in war time. A study of what has happened in Great Britain in the past two years will help Americans to realize what *their* government will do under similar conditions, and perhaps the anti-militarists will see the necessity for preparedness against that day when their principles will be put to the test.

❀ ❀ ❀

ANARCHIST MORALITY

BY PETER KROPOTKIN

(Continuation)

WE DO not wish to have the fruits of our labor stolen from us. And, by that very fact, do we not declare that we respect the fruits of other people's labor?

By what right, indeed, can we demand that we should be treated in one fashion, reserving it to ourselves to treat others in a fashion entirely different? Our sense of equality revolts at such an idea.

Equality in mutual relations, with solidarity arising from it, this is the most powerful weapon of the animal world in the struggle for existence.

By proclaiming ourselves Anarchists, we proclaim that we disavow treating others in a way we should not like

them to treat us; that we will no longer tolerate the inequality that has allowed some amongst us to use their strength, their cunning or their ability after a fashion in which it would annoy us to have such qualities used against ourselves. Equality in all things, the synonym of equity, this is Anarchism. It is not only against the abstract trinity of Law, Religion, and Authority that we declare war. By becoming Anarchists, we declare war against all deceit, cunning, exploitation, depravity, vice—in a word, inequality—which they have poured into our hearts. It is in the name of equality that we are determined to have no more prostituted, exploited, deceived and governed men and women.

Perhaps it may be said—it has been said sometimes—"But if you think that you must always treat others as you would be treated yourself, what right have you to use force under any circumstances whatsoever? What right have you to level cannons at any barbarous or civilized invaders of your country? What right have you to dispossess the exploiter? What right to kill a tyrant, or even a mere viper?"

What right? What do you mean by that singular word, borrowed from the Law? Do you wish to know whether I shall feel conscious of having acted in doing this? Whether those I esteem will think I have done well? Is this what you ask? If so, the answer is simple.

Yes, certainly! Because we, we ourselves, should ask to be killed, like venomous beasts, if we went to invade the Burmese or Zulus, who have done us no harm. We should say to our son or our friend: "Kill me, if I ever take part in the invasion!"

Yes, certainly! Because we, we ourselves, should ask to be dispossessed, if, giving the lie to our principles, we seized upon an inheritance, let us say, to use it for the exploitation of others.

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred, who have a wife and children, would try to commit suicide for fear they should do harm to those they love, if they felt themselves going mad, *i. e.*, losing cerebral control of their actions. Whenever a good-hearted man feels himself becoming dangerous to those he loves, he wishes to die before he can harm them.

One day, at Irkutsk, a Polish doctor and a photogra-

pher were bitten by a mad dog. The photographer seared his wound with red hot iron, the doctor simply applied caustic to his. He was young, handsome, overflowing with life. He had just left the prison, to which the government had condemned him for devotion to the people's cause. Strong in learning and intelligence, he effected marvellous cures; the sick worshipped him.

Six weeks later, he noticed that the bitten arm began to swell. He, being a doctor, could not mistake what this meant; the madness of hydrophobia would follow. He hurried to a friend, a doctor and exile like himself: "Some strychnine! Quick, I entreat you. You see this arm; do you know what it is? In an hour or less the madness will seize me, I shall try to bite you, you and my other friends. Lose no time! Some strychnine! I must die."

He felt himself becoming dangerous: he asked to be killed.

The friend hesitated; he wished to try some treatment for rabies. With the help of a brave woman he began—but two hours later the young doctor flew at them, foaming, and tried to bite them; then he became himself once more, and again asked for strychnine, but the fit returned. He died in terrible convulsions.

How many facts of a like nature could we not cite from our own experience! The man of heart would rather die than become a cause of evil to others. And this is why he will feel conscious of having done well, and why the approval of those he esteems will follow him, when he kills a viper or a tyrant.

Sophie Perovskaya and her comrades killed the Russian Czar. And all mankind, despite the repugnance to the spilling of blood, despite the sympathy for one who had allowed the serfs to be liberated, recognized their right to do as they did. Why? Not because the act was generally recognized as *useful*; two out of three still doubt if it were so; but because it was felt that not for all the gold in the world would Perovskaya and her comrades have consented to become tyrants themselves. Even those who know nothing of the drama are certain that it was not youthful bravado, no palace conspiracy, no attempt to gain power; it was hatred of tyranny, even to the scorn of self, even to the death.

"These men and women," it was said, "had gained the right to kill"; as it was said of Louise Michel, "*She* had the right to rob"; or again, "*They* have the right to steal," in speaking of those terrorists who lived on dry bread, and stole a million or two of the Kishineff treasure, taking, at their own peril, all possible precautions to free the sentinel, who guarded the wealth with fixed bayonet, from all responsibility.

VII.

We have hitherto been speaking of the conscious, deliberate actions of man, those performed intentionally. But side by side with our conscious life we have an unconscious life, which is very much wider, and was formerly far too little recognized. Yet we have only to notice how we dress in the morning,—trying to fasten a button that we know we lost last night, or stretching out our hand to take something that we ourselves have moved away,—to obtain an idea of this unconscious life and realize the enormous part it plays in our existence.

It makes up three-fourths of our relations with others. Our ways of speaking, smiling, frowning, getting heated or keeping cool in a discussion, and so forth, are unintentional, the result of habits, inherited from our human or prehuman ancestors [only notice the likeness in expression between an angry man and an angry beast], or else consciously or unconsciously acquired.

Our manner of acting towards others thus tends to become habitual. And the man who has acquired the most moral habits will certainly be superior to the good Christian who pretends that the devil drives him to do wrong, and he can only stop himself by recalling the pains of hell or the joys of heaven.

To treat others as he would wish to be treated himself becomes with man, and all sociable animals, simply a habit; so much so, that a person does not generally even ask himself how he must act under such and such circumstances. It is only when the circumstances are exceptional, in some complex case or under the impulse of strong passion, that he hesitates, and a struggle takes place between the various portions of his brain; for the brain is a very complex organ, the various portions of which act to a certain degree independently. When this

happens, the man substitutes himself in imagination for the person opposed to him; he asks himself if he would like to be treated in such a way, and the better he has identified himself with the person whose dignity or interests he has been on the point of injuring, the more moral will his decision be. Or maybe a friend steps in and says to him: "Fancy yourself in his place; should you have suffered from being treated by him as he has been treated by you?"

Formerly the church threatened men with hell to make them moral and succeeded in demoralizing them instead. The judge threatens with imprisonment, flogging, the gibbet in the name of those social principles he has filched from society, and he also demoralizes men. And yet the very idea that the judge may disappear from the earth at the same time as the priest causes authoritarians of every shade to cry about the great peril of society.

But we are not afraid to forego judges and their sentences. We forego, with Guyau, even sanctions of all kinds, even obligations to morality. We are not afraid to say: "Do what you will; act as you will"; because we are persuaded that the great majority of mankind, in proportion to their degree of enlightenment, and the completeness with which they free themselves from fetters, will behave and act always in a direction useful to society; just as we are sure that a child will one day walk on its two feet, and not on all fours, simply because it is born of parents belonging to the genus *homo*.

All we can do is to give advice; and again, whilst giving it, we add: "This advice will be valueless if your own experience and observation do not lead you to recognize that it is worth following."

When we see a youth stooping and so contracting his chest and lungs, we advise him to straighten himself, hold up his head and put out his chest. We advise him to fill his lungs and take long breaths, because this will be his best safeguard against consumption. But at the same time we teach him physiology that he may understand the functions of the lungs, and himself choose the posture he knows to be the best.

And this is all we can do in the case of morals. We have only a right to give advice, to which we add: "Follow it, *if* it seems good to you."

But whilst leaving to each the right to act as he thinks best; whilst utterly denying the right of society to punish any one, in any way, for any anti-social act he may have committed, we do not forego our own capacity to love what seems to us good and to hate what seems to us bad. Love and hate; for only those who know how to hate know how to love.

We only ask one thing, *i. e.*, to eliminate all that impedes the free development of these two feelings in the present society, all that perverts our judgment: the state, the church, exploitation; judges, priests, governments.

To-day, when we see a Jack the Ripper murder some of the poorest and most miserable of women, morally superior probably to numbers of wealthy ladies, our first feeling is one of hatred.

If we had met him the day when he murdered that woman who asked him to pay her three-pence for her slum lodging, we should have put a bullet through his head, without reflecting that the bullet might have been better bestowed in the brain of the owner of that wretched den.

But when we recall to mind all the social infamies which have brought him to this; when we think of the darkness in which he prowls, haunted by terrible images, our feeling is divided. And if some day we hear that Jack is in the hands of some judge, who has slain in cold blood a far greater number of men, women and children than all the Jacks together, all our hatred of Jack the Ripper will vanish. It will be transformed into hatred of a cowardly and hypocritical society and its recognized representatives. All the infamies of a Ripper disappear before that long series of infamies committed in the name of Law. It is these we hate.

Under present conditions our feelings are continually thus divided. We feel that all of us are more or less, voluntarily or involuntarily, abettors of this society. We do not dare to hate. Do we even dare to love? In a society based on exploitation and servitude human nature is degraded.

But as servitude disappears, we shall regain our rights. We shall feel within ourselves strength to hate and to love, even in such complicated cases as that we have just cited.

In our daily life we do already give free scope to our feelings of sympathy or antipathy; we are doing so every moment. We all love moral strength; we all despise moral weakness and cowardice. Every moment our words, looks, smiles express our joy in seeing actions useful to the human race, those which we think good. Every moment our looks and words show the repugnance we feel towards cowardice, deceit, intrigue, want of moral courage. We betray our disgust, even when, under the influence of a hypocritical education, we try to hide our contempt beneath those lying masks which will vanish when equal relations are established amongst us.

Moreover, in proportion to the establishment of these relations, a loftier moral conception will arise in society. It is this conception which we are about to analyse.

(To be concluded in next issue)

GONE TO REST

AGNES THESLA FAIR, a woman rebel, lover of liberty, who fought with the militant proletariat as long as her strength lasted, has committed suicide in Portland, Oregon. She was an intense and at the same time sensitive nature. Some spark of the sacred fire of a Louise Michel burned in her soul. She has taken part in many a battle for social justice. Her place was ever with the workers. Strikes and free speech fights were her natural element. She addressed crowds from the street corners, helped to organize attack and resistance.

During the free speech trouble in Spokane several years ago she was arrested for street speaking and released after going on a hunger strike. Subsequently she opened up a basement restaurant for the proponents of free speech, begging both the food and the gas with which to cook it.

Agnes Fair was in Portland a few winters ago when a great number of unemployed were housed at the Gipsy Smith tabernacle. She begged food for these men and devoted herself entirely to them. On one occasion an admirer gave her a sealskin coat. She sold it and used the proceeds to purchase food for hungry people.

She loved the open road, to change places, to tramp and roam about. Lately she became sick, depressed, and soon suffered a complete nervous break-down. During one of her terrible melancholy spells she hurled herself under a fast moving train. The I. W. W. comrades arranged an impressive funeral and she will be lovingly remembered by all who knew her bold spirit and generous heart.

THE SOCIAL WAR OUT

A NEW revolutionary publication—*The Social War*—edited by Hippolyte Havel—has appeared. Instructive, thoughtful articles, a review of events, inspiring poems, propaganda notes, and cartoons of social-pyschological significance make the first issue a fine, promising contribution to our press.

We hope that the *Social War* will live and that the comrades far and near will help to that end by subscribing and induce others to subscribe.

Subscription 50 cents per year. Address: Theodore Appel, 1605 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN'S TOUR

In Cleveland, O., Alexander Berkman will speak about the **San Francisco Bomb Trial,** on February 9. (Comrades watch local announcements for place of meeting, etc.)

On February 13, Lecture in **Detroit—Crime and Criminals**—at **Social Turner Hall**; on the 14th, a mass-meeting at **Moose Hall, "The Bomb Trial in San Francisco,"** arranged by the United Hebrew Trades' and the radical groups of Detroit.

February 15, meeting in **Ann Arbor, Trades Assembly Hall.** Another meeting the following day.

February 18, mass-meeting in **Chicago, "San Francisco Bomb Trial," East End Hall,** Clark and Erie Streets.

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